Unanswered, Unaware

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by allaboutfictioncoffeeandplants

Summary

The plane crash aftermath, if Shane and Ilya had broken up 3 months earlier

Notes

This show has fucked me up. I said this on tumblr but no couple has had me in a grip like this since boston and nick.

I love them so much.

I haven't read the long game yet so all i know is there is a plane crash or falling plane or something to do with ilya in a plane that is not staying in the sky.

I haven't written fanfiction in a while (and something that isnt only friends related...) so this probably isn't great but I hope you enjoy anyway :) I wrote this in about an hour, so please any excuse mistakes that will most definitely be in there

I'm a comment and kudos lover, so feel free to leave them

Ilya Rozanov loved Shane Hollander.

This was a simple fact of the universe.

The sky was blue.

Grass was green.

Ilya was a world-class hockey player.

Shane Hollander was his soulmate.

Even now, 3 months on from their breakup, Ilya knew there was no one else for him. Even now, as he became more and more convinced this plane was going to crash and he was going to die, his mind was filled with *ShaneShaneShane.*

It had happened on a regular Tuesday, as so many things often did.

They had spent the day in Shane's flat, cooped away because of the rain outside. Not that there were any complaints.

He should have been fucking euphoric, the love of his life being barely 100 feet from him at all time.

And yet.

Ilya - try as he might - felt so very empty.

A void where love and excitement and everything good should be.

Even with the man he loved- this incredible, beautiful, talented man who for some reason picked him - constantly touching him, kissing him, getting fucked by him.

Ilya wished he could just say it - *Shane, I'm struggling. Shsne, I can't stop thinking about dying* - but no matter how much, he just couldn't. He didn't want his boyfriend to worry about him, adjust his entire life around his increasingly empty head.

So, he did the best thing he could.

"I think we should break up."

The silence was so very heavy, and yet Ilya was sure that if a pin were to drop, he would hear crystal clear. Shane stilled and Ilya wondered if he could hear his heart breaking.

"What the *fuck?"* Shane spluttered, moving away. "What the actual fuck are you on about, Ilya?"

“I think we should break up.” He tried to keep a straight face, to not completely break down in tears.

He can’t have kept a very good straight face. “Hey,” Shane said, quietly, crawling into Ilya’s lap and placing his hands on his cheeks “What’s wrong? What’s happened? Whatever it is, baby, we’ll fix it. **I’ll** fix it.”

And wasn’t that just the worst thing he could have possibly said? Because Ilya knew Shane would do anything to make him happy. It was the kind of thing that came so very naturally to his boyfriend. He didn’t give up on people.

So, Ilya had to double down

“I don’t want us anymore. I’m not… I’m not wanting a relationship anymore.” A pause, a breath. He had to make it final, make it hurt. “I don’t want **you** anymore.”

For as long as he lived, Ilya would never forget the look that came over Shane’s face.

“What?” Shane was so very quiet and Ilya wouldn’t mind in that moment if he dropped dead from the guilt. “We… we’re happy, aren’t we?”

I’ve never been happier.

“No, Shane. You are.”

Shane swallowed, before clambering upwards and turning around. “Fucking fine. You don’t want me anymore? Fuck you and fuck off, Rozanov.” His voice shook.

Ilya wanted Shane more than anything.

Ilya **needed** Shane more than anything.

Ilya fucked off.

On the motorway, he pulled over at a service station and sobbed. He wasn’t sure if he had sobbed as hard since his mother died.

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Shane was drunk.

He didn’t even particularly want to be.

But it helped numb the constant pain of the Ilya-shaped hole near his heart. And so, he drank anyway.

Even 3 months on from That Night - when the love of his life, the man he wanted to marry, the only person Shane could ever be with - the grief of losing Ilya was ever present. Shane had always been an introvert, but it had reached new heights since everything happened. Hayden had tried to check on him. Scott had tried to check on him. Even Scott's boyfriend tried to check on him. Shane kept telling them he was fine.

They knew he wasn't.

His parents hadn't. Mainly because his parents didn't know.

He had kept trying to, but the words just lodged in his throat.

They loved Ilya.

Until he had come to terms with it himself, he would keep lying.

He would accept it had there been a reason. But all Ilya had said was he wasn't happy. Which was bullshit. Or at least, not the only reason. After all this time, Shane knew Ilya. Knew him better than anyone.

Grabbing his phone, he navigated to the thread of messages with Ilya from the plane tracker app - no matter their status, Shane would always keep an eye on where Ilya was. He stroked his thumb across his contact picture. It was of Ilya at the cottage - their cottage - sitting on the grass. He hadn't even been doing anything but Shane took the picture anyway - Ilya had looked so very beautiful.

His last texts were still there, unanswered.

Me: Ilya

Me: Ilya please

Me: Did I do something?

Me: Whatever it is, I'm sorry

Me: i love you

Me: please come back

Me: please come home

Shane looked at them. He hadn't tried to get in touch with him since then but something changed then and there. He began to type.

Me: i love you

Me: i miss you

Me: do you ever think about me

Me: do you miss me

Me: does it fucking kill you too

Me: not being with me

Me: because every day i wake up and remember

Me: i feel like i'm going to die

Seconds apart, the texts were sent.

Unsurprisingly, they weren't answered.

He would regret them in the morning. But for now, he could only continue to stare.

Ilya was crying as he read Shane's text from the night before.

I love you. Of course I love you.

I'm devastatingly in love with you. But it wouldn't be fair. I can't be a burden. Not to you

Never, ever to you.

It was almost funny.

He was minutes from dying and he couldn't tell if he was crying because of that or because he missed Shane fucking Hollander. Hands shaking, he began to type.

Me: Shane

Me: I love you more than anything

Me: You are the best thing that ever happened to me

Me: And I'm sorry

Me: For what I said

Me: And for what I did

Me: i didn't want to

Me: i just didn't see any other way.

Me: I wanted to be with you forever

Me: but there's something wrong with the plane

Me: so I don't think its going to be like that now

Me: but its okay

Me: I'm smiling at the years I had you

Me: Don't be too sad, okay?

Me: You deserve a long and happy life, Shane Hollander.

Me: So you'd better have one

Me: For me

Me: For yourself

Me: god you are my entire life

Me: i hope more than anything that i see you soon

It was the headache that Shane felt first. Pounding against his skull, like it was constantly being thrown against the boards during a game.

Specifically when Ilya -

Jesus Christ, I've not even opened my eyes yet and I'm thinking about him.

"Jesus Christ, Hollander. Wake the *fuck* up."

Shane blinked, eyes squinting at the fragments of life coming through the curtains of his living room. Of course he hadn't made it to bed. That had become a common occurrence.

Hayden shaking him awake, though? Not quite so much.

"What? Why the hell are you here? Fuck, what time is it?" Shane pushed himself up and reached for his phone, only to notice it was already tight in his grip. "Gimme that."

"Its late enough. And no."

"Hayden, what the fuck? Give me my phone."

It was only then that he got a decent view of his best friend. He looked quietly *wrecked.*

“Hayden,” Shane repeated, slower now as he got - clumsily - to his feet. “What’s happened? Is it Jackie? Fuck, is it one of the kids?”

Hayden didn’t say anything and Shane knew.

He just fucking knew. And he felt his entire world tilt on his axis.

“Where is he? What’s happened to him?”

“His plane… There was a technical issue,” came the measured reply. “They had to take an emergency stop at Montréal–Pierre. But it was a hard landing. Flames. And… They won’t say anything about the passengers.”

Shane wasn’t sure if he was breathing. He just blinked.

Then spun on his heel and ran towards the bin in the kitchen, throwing up into it.

A million thoughts went through his head as he sank to his knees, barely registering Hayden’s hand rubbing at his back. The plane becoming a fireball, the love of his life burning to death. Being wrenched from his seat and thrown into the sky. Never being able to bury him because there wasn’t anything to bury.

They were supposed to spend the rest of their lives together.

There was no-one else in the world for him but Ilya Rozanov.

He would never, ever be happy again if this ended in the worst case scenario.

Would Ilya think of him? Is he thinking of him right now?

Does Ilya even have the capacity to think? Or is he already -

All that mattered was Ilya.

All that ever mattered was Ilya.

He grabbed for his phone and began to scroll through it. The messages from Ilya were constant and Shane wretched. Despite knowing he may not reply, he sent texts anyway.

Me : ilya

Me: baby

Me: i’ve seen the plane

Me: god please reply

Me: don’t you dare do this to me

Me: i'm not angry about the break up i promise

Me: i love you so much

"I'll drive you to the hospital, okay? I've found out which one they're going to," Hayden said quietly. "C'mon, man. Let's go."

Shane let himself be man-handled up and led out of his flat.

Please be alive.

Please, Ilya.

Please don't leave me behind.

He didn't say anything until they were halfway there. "Hayden, what if he's -"

"He's not. Rozanov -" Hayden paused, for just a moment. "Ilya is fine. He's Ilya fucking Rozanov. A plane crash won't kill him. I might, the plane won't."

Shane snorted, just enough.

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The hospital, as expected, was packed with fellow worried family members. Shane's parents had begun to text and call. Shane had ignored them, despite the twinge of guilt in his heart. They could wait. Seeing Ilya could not.

"He's my fucking boyfriend. What the fuck do you mean I can't see him?"

The doctor didn't look shocked by the outburst. There was a small part of Shane that felt bad but the worry and desperation was over-riding everything else. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hollander. Mr Rozanov will be able to have visitors soon - we just need to stabilise him first.

"Shane, man, c'mon. You have to wait, okay?" Hayden said quietly. "You can see him soon."

"But -"

"I know. But getting kicked out and not seeing him at all will only make things worse, hmm?"

The thought made Shane pause and then blanch within seconds. "Fine," he muttered. "Fine."

The pair took nearby seats and waited, Shane's foot tapping and breathing ragged all the while.

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It only took a few seconds for Ilya to recognise her.

He could never forget his mother, even if she was sat with her back to him.

They were at the cottage, Irina sitting at the edge of the dock.

The dock Ilya was going to propose to Shane on.

He swallowed as he approached, sitting down next to her.

Irina Rozanov looked no different than the last time Ilya saw her alive.

Still just as beautiful, as kind.

Still, always, his caring mother.

“Mama?” His voice was small. Childlike.

“My boy. My sweet, wonderful boy.” She sounded far away, even though she was mere centimeteres away. She reached for his hand and he took it, tethering himself to her. “Oh, how I’ve missed you.”

He already knew he was crying. “I’ve missed you too.”

“Such a good boy,” she placed her other hand on his cheek and Ilya’s face tilted into the touch. “You’re so brave.”

“I don’t feel brave. Or good.” It was an admission he hadn’t made to anyone else.

“Oh, мой ребенок. You are.” She paused, her blonde hair falling over her face. “Do you think I’m not brave? Or good?”

“What? No, no, of course not!”

“Well, then. You and I are the same. So, you are brave and good and kind. And loved. Hmmm? And yet, you won’t let yourself be.”

Ilya swallowed. Though about Shane.

“You are allowed to fall apart. That doesn’t make you any less worthy of love, I promise. Telling people won’t make them leave. Especially not Shane.”

Ilya’s next breath was shuddering. He put his head on his mother's shoulder. “I love you, mama.”

“Oh, мой ребенок. I love you too. So very much.

He shut his eyes.

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“Mr. Hollander?”

Shane’s head snapped up. “Yes.”

The doctor smiled. “Mr Rozanov is still asleep but you can see him now.”

He was shaking as he got to his feet.

Hayden squeezed his hand. “Text me when you want me, okay?”

A wavering smile. “Yeah. Thanks, man.”

“Course. Anything, anytime.”

Shane followed the doctor.

They slowed outside of a closed door.

“You let us know,” the doctor broke the silence, “if you need anything. Just press the button behind the bed.”

“Yes, sir. Tnhank you very much.”

The doctor smiled before turning and hoing back the way he came. Shane wondered if he was going to have the exact same conversation.

“Oh. Oh, *Ilya.*

His… boyfriend was sleeping peacefully in the bed. Bruises littered his skin and his arm was in a sling. All things considered, it could have been so much worse.

Shane took a heavy seat by the bed, immediately taking Ilya’s hand. “I love you. You hear me? You’re safe and you’re okay and I’m right here. Fuck, Ilya. I love you so much.”

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Time seemed to stop as his eyes fluttered open and his head tilted towards the door.

And there he was.

His rival.

The love of his life.

The man he was going to spend the rest of his life with.

Shane fucking Hollander.

“Hi, angel.”

His boyfriend’s lip wavered as he approached, coffee cup placed shakily on the table before he lowered himself into the seat next to Ilya’s bed.

“You absolute ass.”

“I know.”

“How dare you do that to me?”

“It wasn’t really what I wanted to -”

“I thought you were dead! I thought… I…”

His boyfriend was hyperventilating.

Ilya couldn’t have that. Slowly, oh so slowly, he lifted his arm and pulled Shane forward enough that he could press his lips against his boyfriend’s forehead. “Is okay. I’m okay.”

“You almost weren’t. Do you know what that would have done to me?”

Ilya swallowed. “You would’ve been alright, sweetheart.”

For as long as he lived, he would never forget the look on Shane’s face. “Don’t you ever say something like that to me again.”

“Angel -”

“You are the heart outside of my chest, Ilya. And you think, what - I’d be okay? I’d just move on? Fuck -” he stood and Ilya immidietely felt the loss.

“I would rather *die* than live without you.”

Ilya felt like the wind had been knocked out of him. “You… You are not allowed to do that.”

“Huh?”

“If this had ended badly - If I had died…” Ilya trailed off for just a moment, tears beginning to well at even the thought. Not of his own death, but Shane’s. “And you… You did something that meant you would join me - I would never, ever forgive you. I mean it, Hollander.”

Shane swallowed and sat back down. “I won’t. I promise.”

Silence, for a few moments.

“I’m so, so sorry,” Ilya croaked. “For that night.”

Shane shook his head. “Ilya, its okay -”

“No. No, I -” He remembered what his mother said. Shane still loved him. He wouldn’t leave him. “I didn’t want to.”

“Then, why?” Shane replied. He sounded on the verge of tears and all Ilya wanted to do was kiss him. “Why would you ever…?”

“I… I think I might be depressed. Like my mother.”

Shane blinked at him. Blinked again. “What?”

“I feel… Sad. All the time. Or maybe nothing at all, I’m not sure.”

“Why wouldn’t you tell me that?”

“I did not want to burden you.”

“Burden -” Shane started, stopped. Leaned down and kissed him. Ilya supposed he meant it to be quick but it had been 3 months. Ilya couldn’t help but let his hand drift upwards - ignoring the twinges of pain - and sink his hand into his boyfriend’s hair. They kissed and kissed and kissed and Ilya felt a little bit more like Ilya. “Ilya, what the *fuck?”*

“Shane -”

“Oh, my God. You thought I would leave.”

Ilya always said Shane was smarter than people gave him credit for.

Most of the time, he loved it.

At the moment, he did not.

“Angel -”

“Fucking hell. You thought I would, what? Break up with you because -” He trailed off. “Christ, Ilya.” He lifted Ikya’s hand to his mouth and kissed the back of it gently. “Christ, I would never. Do you hear me? There is not a universe where I don’t find you and we don’t end up together.”

Ilya felt like crying again. He didn't. “Every universe, huh?”

Shane smiled ever so slightly through tears. “Every fucking one, baby.”

“I love you, Angel. God, you’re… God, you’re my soulmate.”

He hadn’t meant to say it. But it wasn’t like it was a lie.

It was the best, truest thing in his life.

His boyfriend sobbed then and Ilya watched through teary eyes as he got closer. Tapping the side of his bed, Shane looked smaller suddenly. “Can I…?”

Ilya moved over and Shane climbed in, moving his body until he was comfortable, making sure not to nudge Ilya too much.

Ilya was so fucking in love with him.

“Do you want to try therapy?” Shane whispered straight into Ilya’s ear. “Itts okay if you do. Or don’t. Whatever you want to do, we’ll do it.”

“I… I think I do. Want therapy.”

A gentle kiss against his temple. “Okay. We’ll figure it out later, hmm?”

“I love you,” Ilya said again. “So, so much. You’re my boyfriend and I am so glad I have you.”

“Me too, baby. Get some sleep. I’ll be here when you wake up.”

Safe in the knowledge he had the love of his life back with him, Ilya’s eyes got heavier.

“Good night, sweet boy,” Shane mumbled. “My brave, sweet, good boy.”

Ilya smiled.

His mother always had been right.

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